MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EV'RY CHARM T' IMPROVE THE HEART,
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

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Miscellaneous Selections.

"*Various*, that the mind—studious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

THE RIGID FATHER.

A TALE.

BEFORE the hand of republican power had levelled all distinctions in France, and sunk the proudest families to the humiliating condition of the meanest peasant, in the gay neighbourhood of Versailles, the Marquis D'Embleville owned a sumptuous Hotel, where he lived in epicurean luxury and princely splendor. His mind possessed all the imperious vanity of the ancient regime; and placed by fortune at an awful distance, he looked down upon the CANAILLE as unworthy to hold with him a rank in the same scale of being.

His only son Lewis, in the prime of youth, had made the tour of Switzerland; he had visited every part of those wondrous regions, where Nature reigns in all her grandeur, and displays to the enthusiastic mind that sublime and majestic scenery which attracts and gratifies the most unbounded curiosity.

So remote from the haunts of courtly pleasure—so distant from the giddy circle of high life, he felt the impression of that passion, beneath whose controling power mortals of all degrees are indiscriminately doomed to bow.

The object of his admiration was a lovely Swiss, fresh from the hand of Nature, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, like the mother of mankind in a state of primeval innocence; honesty was the only wealth her friends possessed; her charms and virtue were her only portion.

With this lovely maid Lewis had sought and cultivated an acquaintance.—He weighed her mental graces against the frippery of Parisian belles, and with pleasure saw them preponderate.

She felt the congenial passion; but, from the disparity of circumstances, suppressed the kindling hope. The shaft was fixed too deep in his bosom to be eradicated without lacerating his vitals; although despairing of success, he returned to his father, and on his knee besought him to confirm his happiness by an assent to this unequal union.

Degrading intimation! should the honorable tide of princely blood long flowing down the channel of an illustrious ancestry, be contaminated by mingling with plebeian streams? No!—He spurned him from his feet; and with a niggard hand, reluctantly conferring a scanty annuity, bade him retire again to his ignominious exile and see his face no more.

He was too well acquainted with the inflexibility of his father's temper, when once arrived at a certain point—he knew that the moment of expostulation was forever past!—He was forbidden to return to seek for pardon, even by the narrow path of duty; he therefore felt himself not unhappy that, without a direct breach of parental obligation, he could by the trivial sacrifice of his fortune, obtain the object of his desires.

He bade adieu to the scenes of departed affluence, and flew to repose himself on the faithful bosom of domestic affection. The inhabitants of the happy valley celebrated their nuptials with the usual ceremonies, and Lewis soon forgot that he was born to higher expectations.

The storm, which had long been gathering over devoted France, at length descended, involving in one general ruin all the pride of prerogative, title and family. The sanguinary streams that flowed from the throne, swollen by a thousand rills, had deluged the nation, and the horrid engine of death (the Guillotine) still frowned tremendous over its innumerable victims!

Not with less terror than the trembling traveller, when he sees the accumulating Avalanche thundering from Alpine precipices, in its progress tearing up towering pines, and crushing into atoms the obstructing cottages, the marquis D'Embleville beheld the approaching desolation!

His Lady died of a broken heart to observe the splendor of her family eclipsed; and rescuing a comparative trifle from the wreck of affluence, he hastily left his proscribed country in disguise, and fled towards the regions of ancient Helvetic liberty; where, after a long and weary wandering among those eternal mountains, which form the barrier of nations; whose heads crowned with snows, old as the creation, view the turgid clouds rolling round the base—amid the wildest scenes of nature, he experienced the bitter pangs of reflection, without a beam of distant hope to cheer him in his exile.

In order to divert the care that wrung his bosom, he had visited the stupendous cataract of the Rhine—he had marked the wanderings of the Emmen, and the Reus, and at length arrived at a charmingly romantic valley in the neighbourhood of Lugano.

The evening sun shot his yellow rays over olive, orange, and citron groves, which clothed the sides of the far-stretched mountains, when he reached a neat little cottage seated on a gentle declivity, which terminated in the tranquil waters of an extensive lake, over which gentle zephyrs wafted the softened notes of rustic joy—the villagers were returning from the labors of the day, and here and there, appeared in distant groups, winding down the avenues of the vine-clad hills.

At the cottage door he was met by two buxom little girls, on whose cheeks bloomed the roses of health, and their dress was such as served not to decorate, but display the fine symmetry of their features.

They made a low and graceful courtesy, and ran in to announce the approach of a stranger.

The charming mother came out, and modestly welcomed him to her cottage, when she set before him the best her simple larder afforded, together with the choicest fruits her children could procure.

He took the children on his knee, and encouraged their artless prattle by familiar questions and endearments; and from them he learnt that their papa was gone to take a long walk on the mountains, on which account they were unable to accompany him as usual.

Their pleasures—their pastimes, and their mode of education, became the general topics of conversation; and the marquis discovered in this little group more natural ability and good sense than he had frequently found in the most polished circles. The mother was an intelligent lib-

eral-minded woman, and delivered her sentiments with the most agreeable and unaffected simplicity—her whole deportment and conduct evinced the most sacred attachment to the maternal and conjugal duties; and she spoke with enthusiasm of the enjoyments of retirement and domestic life.

The mind of the marquis was much affected and it was with apparent difficulty he could conceal the various emotions which struggled in his bosom.

The little mountaineers who had been on the "tip-toe of expectation" for the arrival of their father, now recognized his foot-steps as he approached the door; and running out to welcome him, hung round his knees, and danced with excess of rapture, while he distributed among them some flowers and other natural curiosities, indigenous to the soil, which he had picked up in the way.

A sudden pleasure seemed to irradiate the lovely countenance of the mother, as she introduced her consort to her guest.—Had a clap of thunder that moment torn from the summit of the neighbouring mountain the eternal rock, which then cast a lengthening shade across the lake, and hurled it into the vale below, a greater degree of astonishment could not have been depicted in the faces of both, than at this unexpected rencontre.

A momentary silence prevailed—conscious remorse touched the heart of the Marquis at the appearance of a son whom he had so much injured, while Lewis stood awed beneath the heretofore authoritative eye of a disobliged parent.

The roses fled the cheeks of the amiable Maria, while the husband on his knee deprecated the forgiveness of that father, of whose displeasure she had formerly heard with so much emotion; and who she now fully expected, was come to destroy her happiness forever!

He perceived their agitation; adversity had softened his heart, and all the father returned! For a while he could not speak; but took their hands, and joining them together, lifted his eyes to heaven, as in the act of imploring blessings on them both. He then snatched the wondering infants to his bosom, and shed over them involuntary tears.

The first tumults this interview had occasioned, subsiding, a calmer but more solemn scene ensued. The death of lady Embleville, and the family misfortunes engaged all their attention; and, while they listened to the "tale of woe," they mutually paid the tribute due to human calamity.

The marquis having now experienced the vicissitudes and fallacy of fortune, acknowledged the superior prudence of his son in making so judicious a choice, and blessed the power which so mysteriously disposed him to provide this calm retreat, and those domestic comforts, amidst which he resolved to spend the evening of his days.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MANNERS AND INSTINCTS OF BIRDS.

[*Translated from the Mercure de France.*]

MARINE birds have their places of rendezvous, where they deliberate in common on the affairs of their republic. Their court of assembly is commonly some retired rock in the midst of the waves. We used to go, in the Isle of St. Pierre, and seat ourselves on the shore, opposite the little island, which the inhabitants have named *Columbier*, from its bearing the shape of a dove, and because they resorted thither in the spring season to gather eggs. We passed whole days and nights in studying the manners of the birds, which were collected together on that rock. Nights are full of the secrets of Providence. The multitude of those birds was so great, that we could often distinguish their cries amidst the roaring of the most furious tempests. We then heard sounds, which no human ear had ever heard before. All those birds, like most others, which frequent the sea, have extraordinary voices. The *ocean* with its forests of coral, where the seawreck collects its moss, and the fucus its complicated threads, the *ocean*, which conceals a Flora in its deserts, and Zephyrs in its grottos, possesses all its Philomelas.

At the close of the day the *curlew* whistles on the summit of the rock; the billows, which roar in concert with her notes, expire in constant succession on the strand. It is a kind of harmony the most novel and the most melancholy that one can ever hear. Never did the afflicted spouse of Ceix fill with more affecting strains the shores, which witnessed her misfortunes.

A perfect intelligence reigns in the capital of our marine birds. The young denizen, when first it sees the light, is precipitated by the parent into the waves, as the Gauls used to plunge their infants, to harden them against the fatigues of life. Couriers are constantly flying from this Tyre to carry dispatches to different parts. Hence proceed those numerous tribes, which, by order of Providence, are dispersed over all seas and shores, to admonish mariners of the dangers which await them. Some place themselves forty or fifty leagues from an unknown land. The pilot descries them at a distance like corks floating on the surface. Advertized by this signal, he looks for a harbour, and is watchful for his safety. Others, as the *lumme*,* canton themselves on rocks just emerging from the sea, and, like vigilant sentinels, raise during the night a melancholy cry, to drive away mariners from the shore. Others also by the whiteness of their plumage, are monitory pharest over the blackness of the rock. This may be ascribed to the same goodness of the Creator, which has given a phosphoric quality to the froth of the sea, and has caused this brightness to be increased by the violence of the tempest. How many vessels must be lost in the darkness of the night, without these miraculous lanterns, lighted by Providence on the rock! All the accidents of the ocean, all the chances of the calm and of the tempest are predicted by the birds. The gull descends upon the deserted flats; covers her neck with her wing, buries one leg in the plumage of her breast, and supporting herself immoveably on the other, informs the fisherman of the instant, when the tide begins its rise. The marine lark, by her soft and melancholy cry, announces to him, the moment of its reflux. In fine, the little procellaria seat themselves on the waves in the middle of the ocean. Faithful companions of mariners, they follow the course of the ships, and foretell approaching tempests. The sailor attributes to them a sacred character; and exercises toward them a religious hospitality, when the wind forces them on board his ship. In the same manner the husbandman venerates the *red breast*, which foretells him of propitious days, and which he affectionately receives into his thatched cottage during the rigors of the winter. Thus do these unhappy men, placed in the two most perilous and difficult conditions of life, find friends prepared for them by Providence. They fall upon them at the very moment when, exposed to a thousand evils, they seem abandoned by the whole world. They find in a feeble animal the counsel and encouragement, which they would seek in vain among their fellow men.

This reciprocal commerce of kind offices between birds and unfortunate men is one of those affecting traits, which abound in the works of God. Between the red-breast and the labourer, between the procellaria and the seaman, there is a striking similitude of manners and of destinies. Oh, how beautiful is nature to an uncorrupted mind, which seeks for wonders only for the sake of giving glory to the Creator!

In the early ages of the world, when man was ignorant and happy, it was by the flowering of plants, by the falling of the leaves, by the departure and the return of the birds, that the peasants and the shepherds regulated their labours. Hence the art of divination among certain people. They supposed that those animals, which predicted seasons and events, must be only interpreters of the divine will.—The ancient poets and naturalists, to whom we are indebted for the little simplicity which still remains among us, teach us how admirable was the manner of computation by these *fasti* of nature; and what a charm it spread over human life. GOD is a profound secret. Man, created in his image, is equally incomprehensible. It was then an ineffable harmony to see the periods of those days regulated by *calendars* as mysterious as himself. The winds resounded the hours of his life, and the clouds wafted his destinies. Thus one could never lose sight of Providence, the legislator and rightful sovereign of those people, who were subject to no earthly prince. Satisfaction then prevailed in cottages. The old men were composed and happy in the last moments of life, and their parting benediction consoled the hearts of their surviving friends.

In the tents of Jacob or of Boaz the arrival of a bird excited universal commotion. The patriarch travelled through his fields at the head of his servants, armed with sickles. If the rumour was spread, that the young larks had been seen fluttering, upon the important news, a whole people, trusting in GOD, who never deceives, commenced with joy the labour of the harvest. These friendly tokens, while they governed the concerns of the passing season, predicted also the vicissitudes of that which was to follow. Did the geese and the teal appear in unusual numbers? They knew, that the winter would be long. Did the rook begin to build her nest in January? The shepherds expected in April the flowers of May. What do I say? They had even in their gardens excellent thermometers; and the bark of the *liliacee*,* more or less thick, predicted all the variations of the atmosphere. They imagined a correspondence between the marriage of a young maiden and the opening of a flower; and the old men, who died ordinarily in autumn, fell with the nuts and the ripe fruit.

While the philosopher, curtailing or prolonging the year, announced the full moon for the

* Columbus pedibus palmatis indivisis——*Linn.*
† Lanterns.

* A species of the lily.

new, and carried winter on to the turf of ſpring, the labourer had no cauſe to fear, that the aſtronomers, who came from heaven would deceive him. He knew that the nightingale would not miſtake the month of froſts for that of roſes, nor fill the winter ſolſtice with the muſic of ſummer. Thus, all the cares, all the amuſements, all the pleaſures of man in the paſtoral ſtate, were written, not in the fallacious calendars of a ſage, but on the infallible meridian of him, who is the centre of univerſal attraction; of him, who has traced the zodiac and the ecliptic; of him, who has calculated the hours of eternity, and placed for a time in the centre of the univerſe the golden dial of the ſun.

THE USES OF FIRE.

"*That gracious Power who kindled up the ſun*
"*To give us light and heat from loftier ſpheres,*
"*Has favor'd us with* elemental fire
"*Subſervient to our uſe and welfare too.*"

FIRE is, in ſome degree, the univerſal inſtrument of all the arts and all the neceſſaries of life, In order that man ſhould make continual uſe of this element, the Creator has cauſed it to mix in the air, the earth, the water, and all natural ſubſtances.

How very uſeful is all the combuſtible matter which ſupplies us with fuel! Without a ſufficient proviſion of it we ſhould not only loſe the greateſt advantages, but we ſhould be expoſed to the greateſt inconveniencies.

In winter were it not for the fire which lights us, a great part of our time would paſs in the moſt uncomfortable darkneſs. Deprived of that artificial light, our moſt agreeable amuſements, our pleaſing ſtudies, and neceſſary toils, would ceaſe at ſunſet. We ſhould be obliged to remain motionleſs, or elſe wander in darkneſs, with horror, in the midſt of a thouſand dangers.—How dreary our ſtate would be, if in the long winter evenings we could neither enjoy the pleaſures of ſociety, nor make uſe of the reſources of reading, writing, and working! Conſider how unwholeſome the greateſt part of the food which the earth produces would be, and how little nouriſhment there would be in it, if by means of fire it were not diſſolved, ſoftened, and prepared to a certain degree.

And how ſhould we be able to provide ſo many other neceſſaries and conveniencies of life, if the workmen and artiſts did not procure them for us with the help of fire? Without that element we ſhould not be able to melt metals, to make them malliable, to refine them; to change ſand into glaſs; or to give to lime the conſiſtence of ſtone. Without fire, nature and all its treaſures would become uſeleſs, and would loſe in our eyes moſt of their charms. But let us limit ourſelves to the advantages which we derive from it during the months of winter. What comfort do we find in a room warmed by it, ſo as to guard us from the impreſſion of the outward air! Benumbed by the cold we ſhould be diſenabled from labor and diſinclined to exertion, at leaſt expoſed to a thouſand diſagreeable ſenſations, if the fire did not convey to us a certain activity. How many old and ſickly people would ſuffer doubly, were it not for its benign influence? What would become of the weak infant, if its delicate limbs were not ſtrengthened by a gentle heat? Oh! unhappy people, who ſuffer all the rigor of the cold ſeaſon, and are ready to ſacrifice a portion of the bread which is left you, in order to get fuel to warm your trembling limbs. I pity you from the bottom of my heart. Your ſituation reminds me of a part of my happineſs, to which I have hitherto given but little attention, and impoſes on me more ſtrongly the obligation of gratitude for the advantages which I derive from the heat of fire. It impoſes on me alſo the duty of giving part of my abundance to relieve others from thoſe evils, from which I myſelf am exempt.—O my God, my Creator and Benefactor, deign to look upon me! See my heart expand in praiſes and thankſgivings. It is to thy fatherly care that I owe all the advantages, all the pleaſures which fire enables me enjoy.

Diverſity.

EXPLANATION OF THE
WONDERFUL PROPHET.

—*A COCK.*—

FOR the farther ſatisfaction of our readers we will explain each article. Becauſe the fowls were created before Adam. Becauſe all ſorts of fowls entered with Noah into the ark; and he was heard by St. Peter, when he was declaring he would not forſake our Saviour. Becauſe he cannot know what begot him, and his food is of another kind. Becauſe all the creatures of his ſpecies go ſo. Becauſe his covering is feathers. Becauſe his weapons are his ſpurs and beak. Becauſe he is abuſed when thrown at, &c. Becauſe Proteſtants eat fowls in Lent. Becauſe all nations know him by his crowing. Becauſe he crows on Sundays, at break of day, as well as other days.

Becauſe when he crows, in the country, being near day, farmers open their doors, in order to go about their buſineſs. Becauſe he drinks no ſtrong liquor. Becauſe he gives notice of the approach of day. Becauſe he ſleeps on a perch; and, was he to pull off his covering, he would be unable to put it on again.

Becauſe he eats no fleſh. Becauſe he knows not what to do with money. Becauſe he knows nothing about vanity, party, or religion. Becauſe moſt people hear him crow frequently. Becauſe after St. Peter's denial of our Lord, when he had crowed thrice, Peter wept bitterly.

The laſt paragraph wants no explanation.

OBSERVATIONS ON DRESS.

THE perfection of dreſs is to be eaſy and clean. Nothing can be more ridiculous, than for any one to make himſelf a ſlave to fine clothes. Such a one, and many ſuch there are, would rather remain as fixt as a ſtatue, from morning till night, than diſcompoſe a ſingle hair, or alter the poſition of a ſingle pin. Were I to recommend any particular pattern for dreſs, it would be that which is worn by the people called Quakers. They are always neat, clean, and often elegant; without any thing ſuperfluous. What others lay out upon tawdry laces, ruffles, and ribbons, they beſtow upon ſuperior cleanliness. Finery is only the affectation of dreſs, and very often covers a great deal of dirt.

A VOCABULARY,
FOR THE USE OF
POETS AND YOUNG NOVEL WRITERS.

PEBBLY ways, glimmering glimpſes, weedy banks, daiſied plains, leafy beds, rifted pines, feathery chains, withering anguiſh, roſeate dye, lucid rills, beezy hills, yelling ſtorms, rippling ſtream, light-heel'd graces, tip-toe pleaſures, dulcet notes, flute-throated ſongſters, flowery meads, pearly dew, heart-rending reflections, dazzling rays, refulgent god of day, flower-beſpangled margin, murmuring caſcade, melancholy mood, luſtrous tints, bland portals, velvet ſods, dank poplars, wafting wings, goſſamere veils, livid clouds, glowing hours, mental ſpheres, lucid tears, luſtrous hues, dappled ſkies, dew-beſpangled heaths, gadding ſtems, lurid caves, feathery hours, ſoft-linked notes, arrowy ſhowers, filmy curtains, richly-budding ſprays, fangled mazes, ſapphire ſtreams, undulating lights, bloſſomed ſprays, obtruſive clouds, ſhadowy dreams, plumy race, gelid caverns, carnaged brave, tepid channels, willow-margined ſtreams, tufted groves, luſtrous lids, ever-bliſtering ſhame, murky hour, muſky air, thyme-embroidered groves, ſphery thrones, curling incenſe, ſparry grots, quivering boſoms, filmy mantles, brawling current, filmy wings, pulſate brains, gnarled boſoms, ſparry ſides, treaſured tears, filmy vapours, dank leaves, dimpling tides, dark-orbed lids, air-born viſions, dank boughs, eagle-wafted cares, whiſpering ſhowers, tranſlucid days, ſenſate minds, quivering throbs, embowering woods, warbling ſongſters, ſenſate boſoms, &c. &c. &c.

OLD YORICK.

Tributary.

FROM YESTERDAY'S HERALD.

DIED, in Salem, Mr. JOSEPH GRAFTON, æt. 17. If it indeed be true, that '*dying friends are ſent to pioneer the rugged paſs of death*,' if the miſſion of the grim tyrant be indeed to ſever the cords which bind us to '*this dim ſpeck called earth*,' ſeldom has its object been more effectually accompliſhed, than in this removal. Seldom does the pencil of friendſhip record the exerciſe of virtues ſo diſtinguiſhed, as thoſe which conſecrated the life of this ineſtimable young man. His ſuſceptible heart was attuned to each finer feeling which dignifies our nature, was animated by ſentiments chaſte, honorable, and manly. His ſuperior talents were equalled only by the firm and undeviating principles which directed their exerciſe. His life was indeed a galaxy of virtues, whoſe mild yet brilliant light, was ſeldom obſcured by a paſſing cloud, and never eclipſed by ſuperior ſplendor.—Two years ſince, he was admitted a member of Harvard Univerſity, at an age to enjoy the bliſsful illuſions of life, when gaiety was on the wing, undamped by care, and hope ſmiled before him, unchecked by diſappointment. I knew him, when the moſt playful vivacity united with the fineſt imagination, to delight his numerous acquaintance. I knew him when the chaſtening hand of affliction had repreſſed the ſallies of youthful gaiety, when '*the rude and deep ſearching hand of misfortune*' had inculcated the neceſſity of a reliance on that Being, who has declared himſelf the God of all conſolation. But,

'*Heaven oft tears the boſom chords,*
'*Which nature fineſt ſtrung.*'

The lingering torture of pale diſeaſe, has ſhaken from its ſtalk the opening bloſſom, tranſplanted it we truſt, to bloom more fragrant in a brighter ſphere. The trembling hand of cotemporary affection, can only offer this humble tribute to his memory, but embalmed in our boſom, the penſive tenderneſs of his recollection ſhall be indelible, and the laurel which encircles his brow unfading as the friendſhip which entwines it is ſincere.

Poetry.

SELECTED

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

HAIL riſing year, whoſe bright auſpicious morn,
Teems with ſuch triumphs to this weſtern ſhore,
What further honors ſhall thy reign adorn?
What num'rous bleſſings, public faith reſtore?

While other nations, fond of hoſtile arms,
Prepare to meet in war's enſanguin'd field,
Here ſtill, oh peace! diſplay thy lovely charms;
And here, oh plenty! ſtill thy treaſures yield.

So ſhall the world embrace theſe fond retreats,
Where rural arts and poliſh'd ſcience reign,
Where liberty and law have fix'd their ſeats,
Unknown the nobles or the deſpots chain.

So ſhall COLUMBIA, with each riſing year,
Crown'd with freſh fame, to brighter glory ſteer!

J. S.

SONG,

By PETER PINDAR, Eſq.

ADIEU to the grotto and glade!
Adieu to the ſong of the grove!
Since Colin has gone from the ſhade,
Adieu to the valley of love!

When a garland he wove for my hair,
When he gave me his hand at the ſtile,
How buxom and ſweet was the air!
How the fields were all cloth'd with a ſmile!

But nature ſeems chang'd to my mind—
The fields are all dark on my eye;
Each ſong is a dirge on the wind,
And the flow'rs ſeem all drooping to die.

Alone muſt I wander at morn,
And lonely at eve a poor ghoſt;
While each object around me forlorn,
Will pity the peace I have loſt.

Then aſk me not, virgins, to ſtay;
With a ſigh ſeems the zephyr to blow;
And the runlet that murmurs away,
To wind with a murmur of woe.

Then ye virgins! ye ſhepherds! farewell;
I wander in ſecret to pine!
May Content be the gueſt of your cell,
Who has long been a ſtranger to mine;

THE TEST.

YOUNG *Philo* let a ſnowy ball,
One chilly winter's day,
Into *Eliza*'s tucker fall,
Which on her boſom lay.

He ſoon diſcloſ'd the playful jeſt,
And told her 'twas his heart,
Which he had thrown upon her breaſt
Its paſſion to impart.

Her modeſt cheek a bluſh confeſt;
She ſays, "'tis no decoy;
"Dear ſir, it found a warmer neſt,
"And *melted with the joy*."

SEPTENNIAL DIVISION OF TIME.

THE ſeven firſt years of life's man's break of day,
Gleams of ſhort ſenſe a dawn of thought diſplay;
When fourteen ſprings have bloom'd his downy cheek,
His ſoft and baſhful meaning learns to ſpeak.
From twenty-one proud manhood takes his date;
Yet is not ſtrength complete till twenty-eight,
Then to his five-and-thirtieth, life's gay fire
Sparkles, burns bright, and flames in fierce deſire;
At forty-two his eyes grave wiſdom wear,
And the dark future dims him o'er with care.
With forty-nine, behold his toils increaſe,
And buſy hopes and fears diſturb his peace;
At fifty-ſix cool reaſon reigns entire;
Then life burns ſteady and with temp'rate fire.
But ſixty-three unbends the body's ſtrength,
Ere the unwearied mind has run its length;
And, when from ſeventy, age ſurveys her laſt,
Tir'd ſhe ſtops ſhort—and wiſhes all were paſt.

HOME:

OR, THE HAPPY FIRE-SIDE.

WHEN evening flings her duſky ſhade,
O'er day's departing cloſe;
When labour drops the *pen* or *ſpade*,
For pleaſure or repoſe:

With haſty ſtep and gladſome heart,
I ſeek my much lov'd home;
A cot that boaſts no builder's art,
An unaſpiring dome.

Yet there the virtues with their train
Of ſocial joys reſort;
There health, and peace, and freedom reign,
Fair exiles from a court.

When heard the ſcraping of my feet,
What tranſports ſtir within!
Affection pipes her welcomes ſweet,
A pleaſing, tuneful din.

My children fly to ſhare my kiſs,
A little artleſs group!
There center'd is a mother's bliſs,
And all a father's hope.

My roving partner, in her turn,
Anticipates deſire,
And oft, as if it would not burn,
She trims the blazing fire.

Officiouſly ſhe now diſplays
The diſh and cleanly platter,
And when excuſe for aught ſhe prays,
Contentment cries "*no matter*."

Thus round my ſoul endearment twines,
With ſtronger, faſter hold;
Yes, Hymen's lamp ſtill brighter ſhines,
And charms ſtill new unfold.

As thus connubial pleaſures riſe,
To gild my dear abode,
To heaven I lift my grateful eyes,
And thank a bounteous GOD.

AN ACROSTIC.

WHAT ſcenes of woe, what ruin reigns around,
In icy chains the purling ſtreams are bound;
No tuneful throats now warble thro' the groves,
The leafleſs trees bemoan their feather'd loves;
Each beauteous ſcene with all their joys are fled,
Rain, hail, and ſnow lay all their glories dead.

THE STRIKING LIKENESS.

AN EPIGRAM,

On a Lady who beat her Huſband.

COME hither, ſir John, my picture is here,
What think you, my love, don't it ſtrike you?
I can't ſay it does juſt at preſent, my dear,
But I think it ſoon will, it's ſo like you.

Ordination.

ORDAINED]—At Bath, Rev. WILLIAM JENKS, to the paſtoral care of the firſt Church in that town.

At Boſton, Rev. CHARLES LOWELL to the paſtoral charge of the Weſt-Boſton Church and ſociety in that town.

Hymeneal.

'Delightful ſtate! to whom alone is given,
'On earth, to antedate the joys of heaven.

MARRIED]—At Boxford, Mr. JOSEPH SMITH, to Miſs KEZIAH GOULD.

In Machias, HARRISON GRAY OTIS THACHER to Miſs DEBORAH SMITH.——Mr. NATHANIEL HOIT to Miſs DEBORAH GARDNER.

In Portland, Capt. WILLIAM GODDARD, to Miſs MARY STORER.

Obituary.

'Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions ſoar,
'Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!'

DIED]—In Rowley, AMOS SPOFFORD, M.M.S. aged 54;—an eminent Phyſician and a worthy Citizen.

In Newbury, very ſuddenly, Miſs PATTY GERRISH, aged 64. Diſtinguiſhed by principles of piety and benevolence, ſhe was admired and eſteemed by all to whom ſhe was known, thro' the various ſtages of life; and her death much lamented by her numerous relatives and acquaintance. The objects of her ambition ſhe ever kept in view. Religion and Morality were the ruling paſſions which characterized her life, and influenced her conduct. The ſingular advantages of ſelf-command were in her innate; and by her lively imagination ſhe was ever able to controul her paſſions. Her manners were characterized by mildneſs; and her diſpoſition by cheerfulneſs. Her death at laſt was ſudden, but prepared for. Having laid up in ſtore thoſe virtues which adorn the native honors of the human ſoul, and ſecured to herſelf a welcome paſſport to a happier clime, in the full aſſurance of the participation of thoſe rewards, reſerved for the pious and the good, ſhe ſurrendered up herſelf without a murmur into her Redeemer's hands.

In this town, a Son of Mr. William Pike, aged 1 year.

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